

I woke up and all I could see was blurred chaos. All I could hear was men yelling and people crying. I slowly regained my vision and saw that the men yelling had long sharp swords and spears. They looked really heavy but these men were having no trouble holding and waving them around. I realized I was in danger. I pushed myself up and quietly but quickly ran away. I couldn't see much because of how fast I was running. As I was running I felt nauseous and had a terrible headache. Despite this I continued and slowly saw bits of my surroundings. There were tall trees with thick trunks and lots of grass. Where I was running was a dirt road with all these little pebbles in it. After a few minutes I couldn't handle the discomfort anymore. I stopped and tried to catch my breath. I looked around to figure out where I was.

"Looking isn't working. I'm gonna have to ask someone." I said thinking out loud.

"There's no one around, I need to keep walking."

I didn't have to walk for that long before I came across a man sitting outside his house. The house was small and quaint but homey nonetheless. It was made of stones that had been carefully stacked in a staggered pattern. The roof was made of straw or hay that had been laid on top of one another and partially intertwined. There was a small door shaped opening but nothing to cover it, it was just open.

"Where am I?" I yelled over the noise as I walked closer towards the man. As I got closer I could see he had a confused look on his face. I repeated my question and still it seemed as though the man couldn't understand me. I asked him one more time and finally he said something.

“Haigh. An bhfuil rud éigin ann ar féidir liom cabhrú leat?”(Hi. Is there something I can help you with?) I didn’t understand him fully but I was able to recognize a few words, which helped me identify the language, and that helped me figure out where I was. The man was speaking Irish which means I was in Ireland. I don’t know how I got here but I think I would benefit from knowing, that way I could at least call someone and tell them where I am. It took me a minute to remember how to ask where I was.

“Cá bhfuil mé?”(Where am I?)

“Tá muid i Corcaigh.”(We are in Cork.) Cork, ok that helps. I wonder if he has a phone I could borrow.

“An bhfuil fón agat a d’fhéadfainn a fháil ar iasacht?”(Do you have a phone I could borrow?) He slowly got a confused expression on his face. Maybe I wasn’t loud enough or maybe I pronounced something wrong so I repeated it. He still looked confused, as if he didn’t know what I’m talking about. Does he not know what a phone is? Or does he not have one? Trying to figure this out had made me forget about my headache and nausea but as he was looking at me it came back. It was getting worse and worse and everything started to go blurry again. My legs got shaky, there was a loud sharp ringing in my ears, and I fell to the ground, landing awkwardly on my finger. I hit my head hard and the last thing I saw was the man coming towards me, he was yelling something but I couldn’t figure out what. Everything went black.

When I woke up there was a large clump of bright light coming from my right side.

Things that were far away were blurry, my head was pounding, and my left ring finger hurt and it felt like there was something tight around it that I just wanted off. I started to examine my surroundings. I wasn’t outside the man’s house anymore, but I wasn’t at

mine either. As I looked around, I realized where I was. I was in a hospital. I finally looked down at my finger to see why it felt the way it did and I saw a metal splint of some sort. It was silver, went around the tip of my finger, and had 2 gray straps going around it and my finger, one by my first knuckle and one by the base of my finger. I was getting used to the feeling of the splint on my finger and the room and clothing I was in. Though they weren't the most comfortable. My head still hurt and the light wasn't helping but as I tried to get up a nurse turned around. I hadn't even realized she was in here. "Welcome back. I'll go let the doctor know you're up." she said with a smile. I just stared at her as she left. Being in this room, inside a hospital, it made me nervous. I don't know why. I've been in the hospital many times before. Maybe it's because I'm alone, or maybe it's because I don't know how I got here or even where I was first. Before I could figure it out a doctor came in.

"Hello Ms. Davis I'm Dr. Walters, I'm glad you're up. You've had a little accident, but your mother brought you over here right away, and your vitals seem fine." stated the doctor

. "Okay, thank you, how long have I been out for?" I asked.

"About three hours. Your mom said she brought you to the hospital around 30 minutes after hearing a thud in your room. She told us she assumed you dropped something but after not hearing any noise for some time she felt something was wrong and that's when she found you unconscious on the floor." said Dr. Walters. I nodded.

"My head's killing me..." I told the doctor.

"Okay, just rest for now, I'll bring you some tylenol." said the doctor as he walked out of the room. A few more hours went by, the pounding headache faded away

and I was discharged. Back at home I hurried to find supplies that would ensure if this strange incident happened again, I'd be safe. I didn't want my mom to worry or think I was crazy so without explaining why I was suddenly going through her closet she came into the room "Hey, are you feeling better?" She asked, clearly meaning to ask more about my intentions with her clothing than how I was actually feeling. I dismissed her curiosity by just answering her actual question.

"I'm fine." I continued rummaging through things until I got what I needed. Layers of large warm clothes, a pair of shoes, a leather bag to keep all my things in, In a smaller bag I packed some medicine, cotton, matches and an old spear head. I packed some non-perishable foods, a container to keep them in, a water bottle and maybe the most important item of all, A small stuffed animal in the shape of a bunny that I've had since I was a baby. After packing all these things in the leather bag I crept up to my room where I had everything with me. Despite my better judgment I skipped lunch and didn't rest. Instead I stayed in my room and spent hours learning, practicing, and taking notes on Irish. I thought this would help me a lot if I were to go back...there. The night came and I drifted to sleep with the bag held close to my body. I woke up the next morning, nothing had happened through the night. I stood up, as if I was deficient in iron, I started seeing black, my breathing slowed and as quick as I got up, I fell back down.

Once again I found myself in what I can only assume to be Ireland. This time no one was around me. I had my bag and the clothes on my back, that was it. I didn't have any shoes on so that was my first priority. Once I had shoes on I made sure there really was no one around and I changed into some of the clothes from my bag. As I was putting the clothes I had been wearing into the bag I saw something silver sticking out of a

pocket on my clothes. I removed the item, as I brought it closer to me I could see it better. It was on a necklace chain and resembled the shape of a bell. By the looks of it it was probably 3 or 4 generations old. “It must be some sort of family heirloom. Maybe my mom forgot about it.” I thought to myself. I put the necklace on, finished putting my clothes away, and started walking.

I walked for a while but it started to get late so I tried to find someone who would let me stay at their house for the night. I had knocked on many doors before I found a kind family who allowed me to stay with them. They showed me to a room and showed me where the bathroom was. I was hungry and tired so I quickly ate some food and went to bed. I’m not sure how long after I fell asleep but I was woken up to loud noises. It was men, men who sounded a lot like the men from the first time I was here. I quickly got dressed, grabbed my things, and left my room. My goal was to leave the house and get as far away from them as I could without them seeing me.

“Tá do chabhair ag teastáil uaim. Ní mór dom a fháil amach anseo.” (I need your help. I need to get out of here.) I said to them. The dad nodded to his wife who then grabbed her kid who was nearby and went into a room down the hall. The dad then said “Tar liom.”(Follow me.). He led me a few feet to a door then motioned for me to go through it as he was looking at the front door. “Go raibh míle maith agat.(Thank you so much.) I said before I left. Once I left I started running. I ran as fast as I could trying my best not to get caught. I’m still not sure what these people want but I have a feeling it’s nothing good.

I hit something hard and fell equally hard. When I looked up there was a large, tall man with a big sharp axe. He smiled one of the creepiest smiles I have ever seen, then

he started laughing. At this point I started to panic and get away but he grabbed my leg, turned around, and started walking.